

LOVE in a HURRY

BY GELETT BURGESS

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio. His wife, Miss Fisher, is waiting for him. He is a party to a work in the studio that night, and that his business is in bad financial shape. Mr. Bonistelle, attorney and justice of the peace, calls and informs Hall that his Uncle John's will has left him \$10,000 on condition that he marry before his twenty-eighth birthday, which begins at midnight, that night. Mrs. Bonistelle calls at the studio and Hall asks her to marry him at once. She agrees for time, but finally agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Miss Carolyn Dallys calls and Hall proposes to her. She agrees to give him an answer at the party. Rosamund calls, and Hall tries to rush her into an immediate marriage.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

She sat bolt upright and stared at him with wider and more glittering eyes. "Today? What in the world do you mean, Hall Bonistelle?"

"Why, I'm in a hurry—aren't you?"

She rose and smoothed down her skirts. "Why, you know, Hall, of course I've got to get my consent first, anyway. Naturally, I suppose you want to know whether you're able to support me, and all that. You don't really have to work, do you?"

"I'm afraid I do," he looked at her queerly. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing, only—I don't know—ma's funny, sometimes—It really doesn't matter, but—well, you know I'm crazy about you. In spite of anything, no matter what happens!"

"When can you tie it out?" he asked a little anxiously. It was maddening, just as he had his millions within reach. For with her consent again the millions beckoned.

"Oh, I don't see that there's any particular hurry. Of course I'd have a lot to do in any case. There's my clothes."

"Better your clothes! I'll get you anything you want after we're married. I'll be well able to afford it."

"You will?" She eyed him shrewdly.

"Oh, well, then, I'll go right home and speak to ma. Of course you want it settled, I understand. I tell you, I'll let you know tonight, when I come to the party."

"Fine! You will come, then?"

"Of course I'll come! I say, Hall, I'm giving her consent, we'll announce our engagement tonight!" Her eyes sparkled, as she held out her hands and let herself be folded in his arms for a farewell kiss. In that caress his fears were forgotten. Then she freed herself and walked to the office door.

"Good-by, Hall, dear! Oh, I hope we can be happy! And say, won't those swells open their eyes, though, when they hear the news?" She hurried through the office without so much as a nod to Flodie.

Flodie jumped up. "Oh, your boy, Miss Galt!" and handed it to her.

"Oh, yes!" Rosamund took it, and emerged from her dream to look the



"I've Got to Get Ma's Consent First, Anyway."

little assistant over with scornful triumph. "Thanks," she threw at him about her neck jauntily. "Oh, say, never mind those prints, Miss Fisher! I'll get them when I come tonight." Up went her chin.

"All right," said Flodie sweetly. "If I have time to find them I will."

"Time? I'd like to know what you're here for!"

"To wait upon—!" Flodie paused for effect—"customers!" and brought it out with force.

"Well, you may not be here so very long, if you don't look out," said Rosamund. "But while you are, it wouldn't hurt to be a bit more polite, Miss Fisher."

Flodie held herself in well, replying, "No, that's true. But everyone is so kind, usually, and Mr. Bonistelle is always so nice and dear to me, I suppose I am spoiled."

"Oh!" Rosamund's eyes were pitiless. "Yes, he is a dear." She gave a glance to the mirror. "He's a savage when he's affectionate, though."

4,000 MILES FOR CARNATIONS

Chinese Dentist Goes Half Way Across Continent and Back to Procure Flowers.

C. Kew, a Chinese dentist of Shanghai, who is in Seattle on his way home, doesn't care about distance or obstacles once he makes up his mind he wants something. Mr. Kew arrived on the Pacific coast from Shanghai in search of health. He visited the various cities along the

isn't he? Why, he's missed up my hair awfully. But he is sweet, isn't he, Miss Fisher?" She smiled wickedly and went out.

Into the studio Flodie shot, a bullet out of a gun. Hall was not in sight. She pounded at the door of the dark room, stopped and listened, pounded again. Bang! Bang! Bang!

Hall emerged, scowling.

"What's the matter?"

She grabbed him by the arm.

"Mr. Bonistelle! Oh, Mr. Bonistelle," she cried, "you haven't gone and done it again, have you?"

"Why, you see—Hall began to stammer—"I really think she's the best of the three—don't you? It just came over me—she's so devilish pretty. Flodie, do—well, she's going to give me my answer tonight."

"Oh, Mr. Bonistelle!" Flodie, despairing, dropped into a chair, and stared at him glassily. Then she shook her head and sighed.

"Well," she said in a hard, dry voice. "I've heard of men who went out looking for trouble, but you are the first one I ever knew actually to go and order it delivered at the house!"

CHAPTER VII.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon. Flodie was crying. Seated at her desk, her bills littered, her account books in disorder, her head was down on her arms, in an attitude of dismal abandonment. She did not weep, she cried. Hall Bonistelle married—and not to her! Married to whom? Ah, that was the worst of it. If Flodie had known the identity of her rival her sorrow might have, before now, been transmuted into anger. Would Mrs. Roylston, or Carolyn Dallys become Mrs. Bonistelle? Or, worst of all, would the wedding ring be worn by Rosamund Galt? Flodie didn't know. Hall didn't know. Even Rosamund didn't know herself. Hence Flodie's tears, wet and heavy, splashing, trickling, soaking the dark blue blotter of Flodie's desk.

At two-thirty sundry sounds, translated by Flodie's intimate knowledge of Hall Bonistelle's ways, indicated his approach. She sat hastily down at the typewriter and began to print off this interesting message:

"Quiz Jack; thy frowns vex G. D. Plumb."

Interesting mainly because, a concoction of Flodie's debutante days at the typewriter, it contained every known letter of the alphabet. Now it served to focus her mind on her fingers, and hide her face from scrutiny.

When Hall came in, she had copied the statement nine times, and seemed too busy for speech.

"Say, I'm going out, Flo!" he announced, and tapped with his stick on the floor thoughtfully.

Flodie kept right on: "thy frowns vex G. D. Plumb." But love and curiosity won against embarrassment. She wheeled round in her chair. "What are you going to do, Mr. Bonistelle? There's work for you to do, I should think."

"Lord, I don't feel much like work today, but I've finished Mrs. Roylston's plates. Carry Dallys' too; some of her poses are not half bad. She's almost pretty, did you know it? I didn't have time to develop Rosamund. She can wait; I expect I'll have plenty of time for her later."

At the infection Flodie turned to him again with a heartbroken look. "Oh, Mr. Bonistelle! Have you really—made up your mind that she—?" Flodie couldn't finish. She choked.

Hall laughed. "Lord, made up my mind! What good would that do? It's up to them, now. Well, I'm on the way to buy the ring—and I ought to get a suit of clothes to go away in—I haven't anything at all to wear."

Flodie bit her lip hard. "Oh, Mr. Bonistelle!"—was she going to break down, after all? In despair, her fingers flew to the keys of her machine. "thy frowns vex G. D. Plumb. Quiz Jack—"

He tapped her playfully with the tip of his stick. "Well, I'm off, Flo. See you tonight. Be here early!"

Flodie turned a wretched face to him. Her eyes were wet.

"But I don't know how you want the rooms decorated, Mr. Bonistelle!"

"Oh, I don't care—use your own taste. It'll be all right. You can do it. So long, Flo!" And he was off. Flodie went to the washstand behind the screen and dabbed her eyes in cold water, then inspected herself mercilessly in the mirror. A sigh. She made a face at herself and returned listlessly to work.

But mental occupation was impossible; Flodie had too much on her mind already. Manual exercise was what she needed to keep her from giving up to her misery. There were the freshly developed plates—she went into the dark room to get them.

Taking the rack full of glass negatives, she emerged and walked into the office. Busy with melancholy thoughts of Hall Bonistelle, a shock awaited her. There was a stranger in the room.

"Mr. Bonistelle in?"

Pacific slope and came to Seattle a week ago.

After booking his passage for China he found that he had several days to wait, and, remembering that he had tied a string on his finger to remind himself to bring home some carnations, took the first train for Chicago and sought a florist noted for the excellence of his carnations.

He just has returned from Chicago with his carnation plants and will sail Tuesday for Shanghai, where they will add their part to his flower garden.

He was a tall, gaunt, stoop-shouldered man, with a long upper lip. Deep lines, sharp as saw cuts, ran down his cheeks, and from the ends of his glib mouth. His neck was bumpy, his complexion like the ribs of a fan. Rusty provincial garments hung loosely upon him, draping his bony body, and in his hands he held a soft, felt, prehistoric hat. He was not at all a city person; one almost smelt salt marshes at low tide, and clams. His ill-cut hair, too, suggested wet seaweed.

Flodie, at another time, would have had trouble in restraining her smile. Now her heart was too heavy; her sense of the ridiculous inhibited. She never looked him over carefully, added him up as some sort of drummer person, and replied that her employer was not in.

"Ain't in, eh?" He looked her over inquisitively. "What be you, anyway, his wife?" He pierced her with his little blue eyes.

The words, stung her to the quick; her nerves were all exposed. She managed her face, however, and replied, "No, I'm his assistant, that's all. Bookkeeper, sort of."

"He was still watching her shrewdly. "Ain't going to marry him, be ye?"

"Flodie, sensitive as she was, could not help showing a little of her distress. The color began to rise on her cheeks. In her embarrassment she blushed. "Is that any business of yours?" she answered in meek resentment.

"Yep," he said, "considerable, as it happens. Hissingsburg's my name. Jonas B. Ain't never heard o' me, be ye?"

Flodie gasped. "Oh! Not Mr. Bonistelle's cousin Jonas?"

He nodded solemnly. "Fust cousin—once removed."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "Mr. Bonistelle will be awfully sorry to have



"Ain't in, Eh?"

missed you. But I'm afraid he won't be back till late this afternoon."

"Won't, eh? Well, now, that's too bad. I did want to have a little dish o' gossip with Hall. But, come to think of it I dunno but perhaps you'll do just as well." Again he inspected the room. "Nice place he's got here. Don't live here, though, does he?"

Flodie pointed into the studio. "Yes, he has a room in there."

"And where do you live, miss?" Jonas demanded boldly.

His tone was offensive, and Flodie's blush deepened. She managed to be polite. "Oh, quite a way from here, in darkest Harlem."

"Hm!" Jonas' eyes were fastened on her keenly, watching every change in Flodie's expressive face. "Ain't sweet on him, be ye?"

Flodie rose in wrath. What right had he—why should he stumble so on the truth! It was torture for her. She walked toward the stockroom trembling. "If you'll excuse me, Mr. Hissingsburg, I've got some pictures to print." She started to enter.

"Hold on a minute, miss, I want to talk to ye!" said Jonas, beckoning with a bony finger.

"I'm sorry, but I'm awfully busy," Flodie stammered.

"Wall," he remarked, "so be it. This is important, though. I guess you can spare me five minutes or so. I didn't come up all the way from Branford, Connecticut, and miss prayer meeting' night at that just for the fun of it. See here: Is Hall married, or not? That's what I want to know."

Still Flodie's color mounted. "No, he's not. Why?"

"See here, miss!" Jonas beckoned again. "Set ye down; you needn't be afraid, I ain't goin' to hurt ye. I'm a religious man and a church member; ye can trust me. Mebbe you think I'm stickin' my nose into what's none of my business, but, land! I'm his cousin, and I guess I got a good right to know his plans on the subject o' matrimony." He gazed at her cruelly. "And I expect you know why. Now, don't ye?"

"No," said Flodie faintly, leaning on the desk for support.

"I see ye know more'n ye're willin' to let on," he continued. "I wa'n't born yesterday, miss, nor yet the day before, and I know somethin' about women, if I be a bachelor. Up in Branford they call me weather-wise. Wall, the signs on a woman's face is just as easy, sometimes. Now see here—" he hitched his chair nearer to Flodie. "You don't want Hall Bonistelle to git married no more'n I do. Ain't that so?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"It never occurred to me until now how odd it must seem to anyone to travel to Chicago and back for a few carnations," said Mr. Kew. "However, I am a lover of flowers and wanted this especial kind, so I guess my trip was not wasted. I saw a lot of interesting country and Chicago itself, which, by the way, was most extraordinary. Seattle Dispatch to the Portland Oregonian."

Bulgaria's population is now estimated at 4,900,000.

EPITOME DE LA SEMANA

Una breve relación de acontecimientos en curso en este país y en el extranjero.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Acerca de la Guerra.

Los Franceses son victoriosos contra los Bulgarios sobre el río Vardar.

La batalla en Francia está limitada a bombardeos y explosión de minas.

Italia se prepara a atacar la ciudad de Gorizia con una fuerza de 500,000 hombres.

Los Ingleses capturan 280 varas de trincheras turcas en la península de Gallipoli.

Berlin recibe las noticias de que Grecia y Bulgaria van a firmar un arreglo especial de paz.

Una escuadra inglesa entra en Cattag, en donde se vieron veinticinco torpederos y un crucero alemanes.

Los aliados se reúnen en un mitin especial en París acerca del curso a seguir en la cuestión de los Balcanes.

El primer ministro Carp ha anunciado que Rumania entrará en la lidia al lado de Alemania en el mes de diciembre.

Los aliados han admitido la pérdida de Serbia. El ejército de ese país está rodeado de tres lados por sus enemigos austro-alemanes.

Inglaterra ha dado la orden para que las autoridades no permitan la salida del imperio de los subditos ingleses, a menos que tengan permiso especial.

Oeste.

Seiscientos mil personas, siendo 15,000 de ellas niños de escuela, vieron la campaña de la Libertad durante su permanencia de dos días en San Antonio, Texas.

El General Francisco Villa, según ciertos reportes circulados en Nogales, Ariz., fué herido durante una pelea que empezó en Agua de Coyotes, unas millas al norte de Hermosillo, Sonora, entre las tropas de Carranzas y las suyas ahora ocupando Hermosillo.

El Gobernador William Spry de Utah declinó de entrometarse en el asunto de la ejecución de Jose Hillstrom, asesino condenado a muerte, como se le había pedido hacer, por la segunda vez, por el Presidente Wilson.

En un telegrama al Presidente el gobernador dijo que su decisión estaba la del consejo de perdón.

Washington.

Veinticuatro indostanos han sido ejecutados y otros veintiseis condenados a servidumbre por la vida por una comisión del gobierno en Lahore.

El juez Hughes de la corte suprema notificó al secretario de estado de Nebraska que no sería candidato en la próxima elección primaria presidencial y le pidió que no esté puesto su nombre en la lista.

El juez Lamar de la corte suprema se ha reestablecido de la enfermedad que le ha impedido estar en la barra por algún tiempo a tal punto que espera reanudar su trabajo de corte pronto después del primero de enero.

Debido a la aparente imposibilidad para los contratistas privados de guardar sus estimaciones dentro del límite de \$7,500,000 fijado por el congreso para el caso y la maquinaria de los buques de guerra que se van a construir llevando los números 43 y 44, por cuya construcción la oferta fué hecha en el arsenal, es probable que el gobierno tome la responsabilidad de su construcción.

James A. Patten, el rey del trigo en Chicago, que ha hecho hablar mucho de él en varias especulaciones del grano en este país, está visitando a W. H. Bartlett en el rancho Bartlett cerca de Vermejo Park.

La logia de francmasones de Clovis compró el edificio que ha estado usando como cuarteles de mitines por varios años.

La corte suprema cambió el juicio en contra de los defensores en los casos dichos de "Mountainair white caps," y los asaltadores de la mujer, condenados dos veces, serán juzgados otra vez.

Joe Mikrovich, minero, está en el hospital en Gardner, condado de Colfax, en una condición bastante mala a resultas de una herida de tiro dado por sus compañeros de trabajo, Pete Kalovich y John Balchick.

La demolición del edificio de las viejas casernas con el fin de hacer más espacio para el duplicado del edificio de Nuevo México en San Diego probablemente no empezará antes del primero del año.

Con la excepción del caso de estado en contra de Juan Castillo, acusado de asalto criminal sobre su hija de once años, Alexandra, no hubo casos importantes en la orden del día de la corte del condado de San Miguel esta sesión.

La excavación de dos pozos de investigación para el estado en terrenos de estado, cerca de Palma, en el rincón noreste del condado de Torrance, fué interrumpida por personas no conocidas que echaron partes de rejas, picos, herraduras de caballo y otras formas de hierro en los hoyos de barreras.

Un sindicato de Texas, se dice, está procurando obtener un arrendamiento de las concesiones de Ortiz y San Pedro con el objeto de usarlos como campos de pasto para gran número de ganado.

Porque su cuñado, Frank R. Rael, desapareció con su hija, Ramonita Shaw, Jasper Shaw de Alamo, condado de Guadalupe, presentó a la policía una demanda de arresto en contra del joven acusándole de abducción. La muchacha no tiene catorce años todavía.

Cuatrocientos carros de manzanas serán expedidos del valle de Pecos este año, a pesar de las grandes caídas de graniza que se presentaron a un momento más desastroso para las cosechas.

General.

Black Diamond, el viejo buffalo, cuya figura está impresa en los billetes de banco de \$10 y también tiene su estampilla en las últimas piezas de cinco centavos, fué matado en Nueva York. Tenía más de veinte años de edad y era el más grande cautivo de su raza.

Una autopsia en el cuerpo del niño Bollinger, el pequeño que murió en Chicago después de que su madre y el médico de la familia se pusieron de acuerdo en no ensayar de prolongar su vida, fué dirigida por el médico del crimen H. G. W. Reinhardt y W. D. McNally, químicos.

Un día de ocho horas con paga de un día de diez horas será demandado por 350,000 obreros de ferrocarril de los Estados Unidos el primero de marzo, 1916, si así lo ordena un voto de referendun.

NOTICIAS DEL ESTADO

De interés para toda la gente de Nuevo México.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

New Mexico.

En virtud de un decreto de corte Steins se queda "seca."

Hay ahora 411 presos en la penitenciaría en Santa Fé.

Gallup va a tener una nueva iglesia metodista episcopal de \$15,000.

Más de 97,000 truchas han sido distribuidas en los arroyos del estado.

El distrito de Artesia expidió 135 carros de manzanas esta estación.

Varias facilidades de estación han sido proveídas por el C. & S. en Mt. Dora.

La casa de Ramón Abreu cerca de Santa Fé fué destruida por un incendio.

El nuevo edificio de escuela de Ward será ocupado el primero de diciembre.

El incendio destruyó 6,000 pacas de heno en el rancho de L. F. D. al este de Roswell.

De todas partes de Nuevo México se está expidiendo grandes cantidades de ganado.

Los Odd Fellows de Deming erigirán un nuevo edificio para su casa de logia.

La lechería de Portales es abierta para los negocios, como también lo es la de Deming.

El Club de Rifle de Magdalena tendrá una partida de caza de pavos el día de las gracias.

H. L. Molton, antes de El Dorado, Okla., fué arrestado y detenido en Clovis acusado de bigamia.

El ganado en el condado de Quay ha aumentado por más de tres veces su número de hace tres años.

Las escuelas de Tucumcari tienen una nómina de 800, que es un número sin precedente para el pueblo.

La Asociación Educacional de Estado espera agregar 1,000 nuevos miembros al mitin de Albuquerque.

Se está produciendo cierto movimiento en favor del ensalado de la calle Main, la más importante de Clovis.

El pozo de petróleo de Lake Arthur está ahora produciendo de veinticinco a cincuenta barriles todos los días.

El superintendente de estado White es un candidato para presidente de la Asociación Educacional de Nuevo México.

Ralph Lane, empleado al servicio de trenes en San Marcial fué arrestado por ladrones, que le robaron los vestidos.

Las comunicaciones telefónicas han sido reestablecidas entre Taos y Ute Park y Cimarron por la compañía de teléfonos.

George M. Sternberg, M. D., que obtuvo el sanatorio militar para el fuerte Bayard, murió en su casa en Washington.

Catorce carros de remolacha fueron expedidos de Maxwell y los están cargando ahora sobre el pie de dos carros al día.

El juez George R. Craig, de Albuquerque, fué nombrado administrador de los Estados Unidos en sucesión al difunto Comandante Whiting.

La Academia Militar de Nuevo México en Roswell tiene el único cuerpo de ametralladoras a motorizada que se halle en los Estados Unidos.

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NEW MEXICO PROGRESS

GOVERNOR ISSUES THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

Executive Declares All Lines of Industry Have Shown Great Advancement the Past Year.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Santa Fé.—Governor McDonald issued the following Thanksgiving proclamation:

"The war clouds of the world lower darkly and the future appears dim and uncertain in the eastern hemisphere. No one can foretell what the harvest of death may finally bring forth.

"In the sunshine of our state of New Mexico the future is illumined by our present prosperous conditions. In all lines of industry the past year has shown great advancement. In education and the things that make life better and of more worth, we have made remarkable progress. Our blessings have been manifold and our disadvantages largely the imaginings of minds ill at ease, distorted by malice or warped by the prejudice of preconceived notions not in accord with the actual facts and conditions.

"Therefore, I, William C. McDonald, governor of the state of New Mexico, do hereby designate, Thursday the Twenty-fifth of November as Thanksgiving day.

"May our hearts bow in unison with our hands on the altar of a peaceful, happy state and nation, in praise and thankfulness to an all-wise Providence. May the spirit of good cheer pervade the homes of all and impress those blessed with plenty, that it is 'better to give than to receive,' so that the homes of the poor and unfortunate may be made glad by the kind thoughtfulness of their more prosperous brothers and sisters."

New Mexico Soil Shows Versatility.

Albuquerque.—The Albuquerque Commercial Club banquet was a notable one in the number of active residential farmers, ranchmen, miners and business men of New Mexico assembled to celebrate the success of the last few years' campaign of intensive methods of developing this section of the great Southwest. Three hundred plates were replenished from a varied menu of edibles sown, raised and "made in New Mexico" and bore relishing evidence of the varied soils forming the valleys, the mesas, plateaus, foothills and mountain ranges of this state, once thought only a pastoral, mineral and health resort country. A membership of 500 for the Commercial Club within the next twelve months and a population of 50,000 for the city of Albuquerque by 1920! These were the two objects determined upon by enthusiastic Albuquerqueans at the big get-together dinner.